

Encountred yet his Better, I have heard  
 Two envious Philomels, beate the care o'th night  
 With their contentious throates, now one the higher,  
 Anon the other, then againe the first,  
 And by and by out breasted, that the sence  
 Could not be judge betweene 'em: So it far'd  
 Good space betweene these kinsmen; till heavens did  
 Make hardly one the winner: weare the Girland  
 With joy that you have won: For the subdude,  
 Give them our present Iustice, since I know  
 Their lives but pinch 'em; Let it here be done:  
 The Sceane's not for our seeing, goe we hence,  
 Right joyfull, with some sorrow. Arme your prize,  
 I know you will not loofe her: *Hipolita*  
 I see one eye of yours conceives a teare  
 The which it will deliver.

*Florise.**Emil.* Is this wyning?

Oh all you heavenly powers where is you mercy?  
 But that your wils have saide it must be so,  
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,  
 This miserable Prince, that cuts away  
 A life more worthy from him, then all women;  
 I should, and would die too.

*Hip.* Infinite pittie  
 That fowre such eies should be so fixd on one  
 That two must needes be blinde fort.

*Thes.* So it is.*Exeunt.*

*Scena 4. Enter Palamon and his Knightes pyniond: Iaylor,  
 Executioner &c. Gard.*

Ther's many a man alive, that hath out liv'd  
 The love o'th people, yea i'th selfesame state  
 Stands many a Father with his childe; some comfort  
 We have by so considering: we expire  
 And not without mens pittie. To live still,  
 Have their good wishes, we prevent  
 The loathsome misery of age, beguile  
 The Gout and Rheume, that in lag howres attend  
 For grey approachers; we come towards the gods

*Yong*

Yong, and unwapper'd not, halcing under Crymes  
 Many and stale: that sure shall please the gods  
 Sooaer than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,  
 For we are more cleare Spirits. My deare kinsmen,  
 Whose lives (for this poore comfort) are laid downe,  
 You have sould 'em too too cheape.

1. *K.* What ending could be  
 Of more content? ore us the victors have  
 Fortune, whose title is as momentary,  
 As to us death is certaine: A graine of honour  
 They not ore-weigh us.

2. *K.* Let us bid farewell;  
 And with our patience, anger tottring Fortune,  
 Who at her certain't reeles.

3. *K.* Come? who begins?

*Pal.* Ev'n he that led you to this Banket, shall  
 Tasse to you all: ah ha my Friend, my Friend,  
 Your gentle daughter gave me freedome once;  
 You'll see't done now for ever: pray how do'es she?  
 I heard she was not well; her kind of ill  
 gave me some sorrow.

*Iaylor.* Sir she's well restor'd,  
 And to be marryed shortly.

*Pal.* By my short life  
 I am most glad on't; 'Tis the latestt thing  
 I shall be glad of, pre'thee tell her so:  
 Commend me to her, and to peece her portion  
 Tender her this.

1. *K.* Nay lets be offerers all.

2. *K.* Is it a maide?

*Pal.* Verily I thinke so,  
 A right good creature, more to me deserving  
 Then I can quight or speake of.

*Alk.* Commend us to her. *They give their purses.*

*Iaylor.* The gods requight you all,  
 And make her thankefull.

*Pal.* Adiew; and let my life be now as short,  
 As my leave taking.

*Lies on the Blocke.**M 3**I. K.*